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ECHOES
FROM
THE PINES

MARGARET E. JORDAN

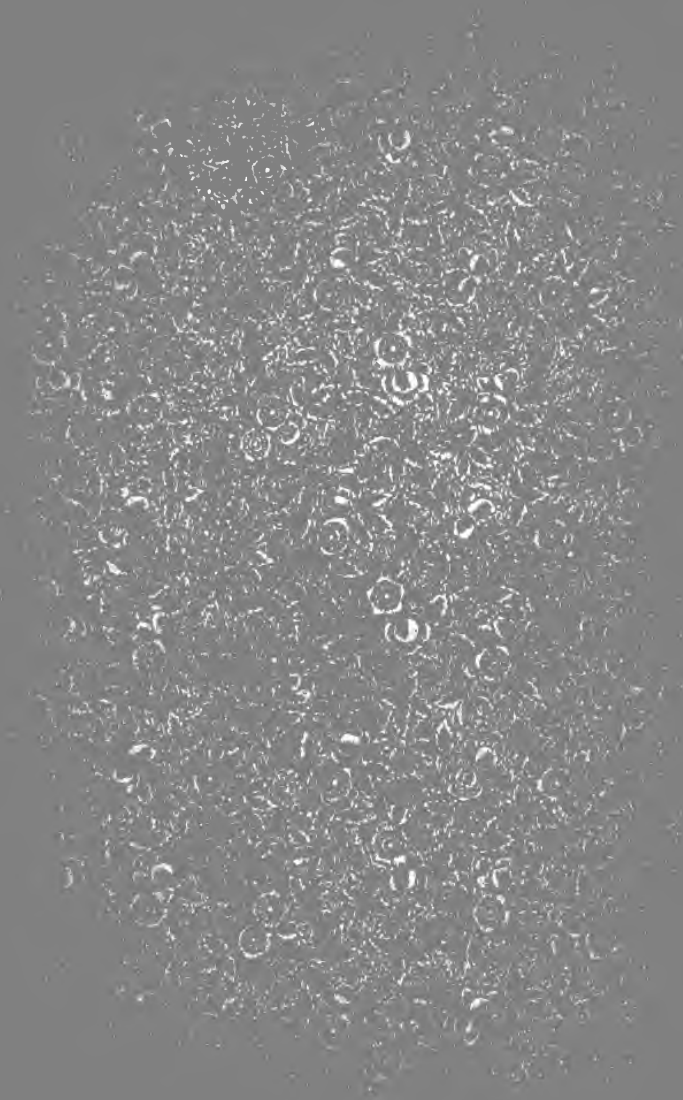
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ECHOES FROM THE PINES

BY ✓
MARGARET E. JORDAN
"

33
"Before me rose an avenue
Of tall and sombrous pines.

"The green trees whispered low and mild,
It was a sound of joy."

LONGFELLOW: *Voices of the Night.*



PORTLAND, ME.
McGOWAN AND YOUNG
422 CONGRESS STREET

(1885)

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BY MARGARET E. JORDAN.

B. THURSTON & CO.,
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PORTLAND, ME.

To
My beloved Father and Mother.

Thanks are returned to Rev. D. E. Hudson, C. S. C., of the AVE MARIA, and D. O'Loughlin, Esq., of the CATHOLIC HERALD, for permission to include in this collection poems of mine which have appeared in publications copyrighted by them.

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ECHOES.

*Thro' lofty pines that emerald crested stand
'Mid winter's snow and summer's burning sun,
There comes a voice, a strange, deep holy One ; —
The soul doth thrill, the throbbing heart expand —
The Voice is God's Voice breathed o'er sea and land.
From the gray dawn until the day is done,
Thro' star-lit or storm-clouded night, roll on
Deep echoes, mystical and pure and grand.
Proclaiming Great Jehovah throned on high ;
Emmanuel, — love overpowering might ! —
The Spirit vivifying heaven and earth.
Stirs a new life as roll these echoes by :
The Poet-soul in travail of delight
Unto a living, heaven-breathed Thought gives birth.*



MARY IN BETHLEHEM.

A lonely cave just out of Bethlehem.
In a cleft rock a fagot burns ; behold !
'Neath the rude glare doth shine the burnished gold
Of Mary's tresses. Rarest diadem !
One day to gleam with many a precious gem
Of wondrous lustre and of worth untold :
Rubies and pearls — Christ's blood and tears ! . . .

The cold

Night wind, grown tender, softly swayeth them —
Fair unbound tresses ! In sweet rapture we
Behold the virgin blush on Mary's cheek ;
The love-light in her eye ; on pure lips, dumb
With joy, a heaven-bright smile of ecstasy.
Maid-Mother mild ! the Christ-babe whom we seek
Lies cradled in thine arms ; to thee we come !

Venite adoremus Dominum !

ON CAPE ELIZABETH.

Deep azure wrought with threads of golden sheen, —
 Silvery-gray the interlining fair, —
Earth's cloud-robe floats adown a sea of air.
Rests the deep ocean tranquilly between
Cliffs of dulse brown and isles of emerald green.
Sere willows, pensive, bow ; in vesture rare
Proud oaks attend the queenly maple ; there
The pine reigns monarch of the sylvan scene.
Yon skiffs, the ocean's white-robed children, sleep,
Nor toss in slumber in her fondling arms.
Poised on the main birds rest on southward flight.
Peace hovers, pinions spread, o'er land and deep,
Her wings soft zephyrs lulling hearts' alarms.
So rests the Finite in the Infinite.

GETHSEMANE.

The moaning night wind touched with trembling hand
 The olive trees, harps of Gethsemane !
 Still slumbered, heavy-eyed, the chosen three,
 John, James, and Peter who had vowed to stand
 Unshaken midst the Apostolic Band.
 "What ! Could ye not watch one hour with Me ?"
 The night wind played a sad, sad melody,
 And Jesus' voice, uprising pure and grand,
 In mournful cadence fell and died away.
 And still that awful agony went on ;
 Moaned the night wind to hear His weary moan !
 Three had He chosen, there to watch and pray,
 But they had slumbered : Peter, James, and John !
 And Jesus kept His weary watch ALONE !

THE PRISONER OF LOVE.*

TO A FRIEND IN THE PRIESTHOOD.

There is on earth an humble little cell,
Holy it is, and oh! how dear to thee.
At Mass, when rings the sweet communion bell,
Near it art thou as only priest may be,
Kneeling in reverent love, adoring fear.
So bend celestial hosts in realms above.
God they adore; the self-same God is here
Imprisoned, and His chains were forged by love.
Victim and Victor! chained and throned is He!
In peace 'mid earth's alarms 't is thine to dwell,
Near unto Him, how fondly served by thee;
God chained and throned in Tabernacle cell.

*An acrostic: the first downward line of letters forms the "very meaning of the word Eucharist."

THE SANCTUARY LIGHT.*

TO A YOUNG FRIEND.

Thro' the lone hours when the blushing day
Hides 'neath the jeweled vesture of the night,
As tho' in grateful love the crimson light
Near unto Christ consumes its life away,
Keeping fond vigil all unconsciously.
So, too, would I, that thy young soul might keep
Glad vigil there, the while refreshing sleep
Imparts new strength for labor unto thee.
Vain are earth's joys ! O with the " Turtle dove "
I 'd have thee in the " Rocky clift " to hide,
Near His dear Heart whence flows the saving tide,
Giving thee strength to mount the heights of love.

* An acrostic: the first downward line of letters forms the " very meaning of the word Eucharist."

A BROKEN TROTH.

Why had she never wed ? still bright and fair,
(And this e'en worldly beauties did allow,)
Tho' five and thirty years upon her brow
Had traced, in passing, many a line of care,
And wrought amid the gold-brown of her hair
Many a silver thread. "Some youthful vow
Binds her to God ; He, grateful, doth endow
Her virgin heart with graces rich and rare."
Thus many thought. All loved the gentle one
Who labored in their midst, each passing day,
Winning the meed of praise divine : "Well done."
Thus in her quiet unassuming way,
She went about for Love's sake doing good —
Not much each day, mayhap, but all she could.

Her story was not unto all denied :
A love troth fondly plighted years before,
A slight misunderstanding — nothing more —
Yet she, in wounded love and haughty pride,
A loving, loyal heart had cast aside,
And earthly bliss became “ a dream of yore.”
How oft a break that one word might bridge o’er,
Unspanned, becomes a chasm deep and wide !
And this her vow : “ To give unto God’s Poor,
Wealth, labor, life ; and for atonement’s sake
Each bitter word in meekness to endure,
Till in a brighter world love’s dawn shall break.”
Atoning thus she toiled till work was done,
And toiling, lo ! a love divine was won.

AMELIE LAUTARD.*

No longer shone the sun of peace
Upon St. Peter's dome ;
Dark days had dawned on Mother Church,
Dark days had dawned on Rome ;
Dark days for every heart that called
Th' Eternal City, home.

'T was in the midst of fierce alarms,
While riot reigned at will,
A whisper breathed from lip to lip,
" Pius the Ninth is ill,"
Woke in one heart a strange desire,
That death alone could fill.

*This miraculous death occurred in Rome December, 1866.

“Is it a voice from heaven,” she cried,
 Or wily tempter’s snare? —
 This strange, strange thought that frightens me,
 That frames itself in prayer :
 “Father of Love! smite me with death
 But oh, thy Vicar spare !”

(Obedience! God’s crucible
 Wherein these things are tried, —
 The gold of true humility
 Freed from the dross of pride;
 Soul yearnings after heavenly things
 Tempered and purified.)

Before the Sovereign Pontiff knelt
 The “Child of Rome” that day,
 Yearning with warm life of her heart
 Her vows of love to pay,
 Yet willing at his word to cast
 Her fond desire away.

With throbbing heart and trembling voice,
 Amèlie, kneeling there,

Revealed to him the strange desire
Framing itself in prayer,
That God would soon smite her with death
His life for years to spare.

He gazed upon her, then in prayer
Raised features grand and mild ;
In blessing laid his holy hands
Upon her head and smiled ;
“The Holy Spirit speaks,” said he,
“Obey His voice, my child.”

Swift waned the day. A few short notes
She wrote of glad farewell.
Wrote kindly of her “dear Zouaves” —
Nor voice save heaven’s may tell
The love she bore them who for Christ
So nobly fought or fell. . . .

Next morn, when in her virgin heart
Reposed the Spouse of Love,
The yearning of her soul, as sweet
As plaint of turtle dove,

Arose upon the wings of prayer
E'en to the Throne above.

And God the Father, looking down
Upon His well loved Son,
Reposing in Amèlie's heart —
That tried and faithful one !
Blessed with accomplishment the deed
She prayed Him might be done.

She fell in agonizing pain
Before the altar there :
Friends raised her up and bore her home —
Still moved her lips in prayer :
She blessed God who had stricken her
His Vicar's life to spare.

Three days the agony of death
Held her pure soul in thrall ;
Speechless thro' suffering was she,
Yet smiling bore it all,
Awaiting in her own sweet way
The Master's final call.

When once again within her heart
Reposed the Crucified,
Lo ! suffering vanished and the gates
Of heaven opened wide ;
When breathed God's minister : " Depart,
O Christian soul ! " she died.

And when her death was told to him
For whom her life was given,
" So soon accepted ! " he exclaimed,
And bowed 'neath will of Heaven.
Ah me ! his heavy cross : to steer
The Bark of Christ storm-driven.

Loving ones bore her to the tomb
O'er ways she oft had trod ;
No *De Profundus* chanted they,
But all with one accord
Entoned a grand *Magnificat*,
And sang the praise of God.

O holy life ! O happy death !
O blessed eternity !

To live long years for Christ, to die
For the Apostolic See!
Amèlie ! heart hath ne'er conceived
The joys of heaven for thee !

Was she some sheltered, cloister flower,
This soul of Sacrifice ?
Nay ; mid the thorns of life she grew,
'Neath Marseilles' azure skies,
Culled by the hand of God from earth
To bloom in Paradise.



LEAVE THEIR FAIR FATHERLAND.

It has been said, over and over again, in the British kingdom, and the saying has been echoed and re-echoed through the length and breadth of this great Republic, that "Emigration is the only panacea for Ireland." Do they who offer her this as a means of relief ever estimate the amount of suffering which the acceptance of it must entail? Do they realize what it is to sever the holiest ties of kindred, to kneel for the last time at a cherished shrine, to tear one's self away with a breaking heart from a parent's grave? In the full enjoyment of liberty as they are, can they not appreciate the yearnings of the Irish for freedom? Can they not realize how many noble aspirations of patriotism are sacrificed on the altar of domestic affection, when, for the sake of loved ones dependent upon them, they cross the broad Atlantic, and vow allegiance to

an adopted country, while their native land lies in suffering and chains?

Leave the fair land of their fathers,
The graves of their grandsires — for what?
Have ye not hearts in your bosoms,
Or think ye the Irish have not?
When sounded our trumpet of battle,
Were they cravens? nay, bravest of men!
And they fought till the “stars” rose in triumph
Never to vanish again.

“Leave the fair land of thy fathers,
Nor struggle again to be free;
Leave her in suffering and sorrow
The Emerald Isle of the sea!
Pluck from her bosom a shamrock,
And gather a handful of earth —
Trample thy manhood beneath thee —
Flee from the land of thy birth!

“Flee like a culprit from justice;
Flee like a craven thro’ fear;

Brave not the perils before thee" —

What is this counsel I hear?

Speak ye such word to the Irish?

Ye know them not: courage have they

Who learn at the cross how to suffer,

Who daily tread Calvary's way.

There's a germ in the hearts of the Irish —

'T was God that implanted it there.

By tear-drops and life-blood 't is watered,

'T is strengthened by waiting and prayer;

'T is the fond love of their country;

They yearn her green flag to behold

Proudly unfurling the sunburst,

The harp, and the shamrock of gold.

Leaving the land of their fathers

And crossing the billowy foam,

They find in America labor,

That wins for the toiler a home.

Broad the expanse of the prairies

And all are made welcome, 't is true, —

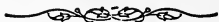
But the "Sunburst" ne'er shines in the heavens
With the "stars" of the "red, white and blue."

There are fertile luxuriant valleys
In the Emerald Isle of the sea,
And her sons are as sturdy and willing
As till these broad lands of the free.
Then cease this wild cry "EMIGRATION,"
Columbia fought a brave fight —
She conquered — and *Erin will conquer*,
For freedom's a God-given right.

Oh, a great and a holy endeavor
Stirs the heart of dear Erin to-day;
She would gather her children around her,
Fold them close to her bosom for aye.
Thro' life she would nurture them fondly
And cheer them in wearisome toil;
In death close their eyes with soft kisses,
Lay them sleeping in saint-hallowed soil.

Courage, O Erin, dear country!
Thy harpstrings shall vibrate again;

The sunburst dispel these dark shadows ;
The shamrocks bloom free on the glen ;
Thy God-given rights be untrammelled ;
Thy shrines and thy hearthstones be free ;
And thy flag shall wave o'er thee in triumph
O Erin, fair isle of the sea !



THE GUARDIAN'S WOOING.

"'T is only a lovers' slight quarrel,
 'T will soon be all over," she said,
With a ripple of merriest laughter,
 A toss of the sunny brown head.
Yet I, who so tenderly loved her,
 A wail in the merriment heard ;
I knew in her heart she was weeping,
 So long was his coming deferred.

The latch often lifted at even,
 The gate swinging back as of yore ;
The step on the pathway approaching,—
 But never the rap on the door !
'T was Harry, her brother, how foolish
 To think it was Willie again !
For after each flutter of pleasure
 Throbbled faster the heart in its pain.

I watched the fair blossom I cherished
 Becoming more fragile each day,
And strove to keep guarded my secret ;
 Why should n't I? Wrinkled and gray,
My life nearly verging on autumn,—
 Yet cried I : " O Time on the wing !
Bear me backward till with my heart's darling
 I bask in the fragrance of spring ! "

One day an old friend gently told me
 A wedding in town he had seen ;
The bride was an heiress, the bridegroom
 My Ethelyn's lover had been.
He sought to give comfort, ne'er dreaming
 Of hopes that arose in my breast ;
My secret well guarded, no stranger,
 Nor even my darling, had guessed.

I broke the sad news to her kindly ;
 The draught was less bitter, I think,
Than though 't was a strange hand that gave her
 The chalice of sorrow to drink.

I saw that the tears were swift gathering
And knew they would lighten her grief :
Like raindrops the burnt earth refreshing,
Tears give the seared heart a relief.

.
Months passed ; all shade of the sorrow
Had vanished, sweet peace was bestowed,
And happiness shone on the features
Where once her heart's gayety glowed.

One evening I told her my secret ;
How dreary my life-time would be
If ever the right to protect her
Were given to other than me.
I spoke in deep, tremulous accents,
Preparing all hope to resign,
She answered : " You've told me your secret
Dear Guardy, now try to guess mine ! "

The tremulous whisper, the eyelids
Cast downward, the flush on her cheek
Betrayed my dear Ethelyn's secret,
And gave me new courage to speak.

Though, I am fast verging on autumn,
And she in the springtime of life,
Our story of love is unfolded,—
Ethelyn, my ward, is my wife.



SONG.

BEAUTIFUL ISLES OF THE SHOALS.

Air: "Beautiful Isle of the Sea."

Beautiful Isles of the Shoals,
Rising from midst of the ocean,
Gazing upon you, our souls
Swell with the deepest emotion.
Silver and azure your skies ;
Pure are the winds that caress you ;
Foamy the billows that rise
In their wild voice to address you.

CHORUS.

Beautiful Isles of the Shoals !
Rising from midst of the ocean,
Thrilling with grandeur our souls,
Beautiful, beautiful Isles of the Shoals !

Beautiful Isle of the "Star,"
 Fairest of all these fair islands,
Out in the ocean afar,
 Stretching thy proud rocky highlands;
While standing on thee, we gaze
 Far o'er the deep rolling ocean —
Minds fill with deepest amaze;
 Souls, with the deepest devotion.

CHORUS.

Beautiful Isles of the Shoals, etc.

Fair art thou, Isle of the "Star"!
 Seen 'neath the sun's brightest beaming;
Fair, when he sheds from afar
 O'er thee his last lingering gleaming;
Fair, when the dark midnight skies
 Show forth their silvery lining;
And when the moon doth arise,
 Proud in her glorious shining.

CHORUS.

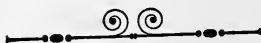
Beautiful Isles of the Shoals, etc.

THE OLD, OLD STORY.

A meeting in the hush of even
While bright stars gem the vault of heaven ;
The sweet old story told once more,
New love vows plighted o'er and o'er
Deep blushes on a lassie's face,
A proud light in a laddie's eye,
A flower-strewn church, a white-robed priest,
A question and a soft reply ;
A little shining golden band
Upon a bride's fair dimpled hand.

A quiet wedding, all is o'er,
The world goes onward as before ;
Two loving hearts are bound in one,
A wedded life hath just begun.

Henceforth one purpose, one desire,
One pathway, be it bright or dim ;
Not his will given up to her,
Nor hers surrendered unto him :
Blend both in one, thro' weal or woe,
And God's design is wrought below.



ST. JOSEPH'S LILIES.

From out the heart of Mother Church,
That ever-fruitful ground,
Spring forth the flowers of praise and love
As each dear feast comes round.

When, in their flight, chill wintry days
The sweet "Espousals" bring,
A rod once barren we behold
With strange life blossoming.

Laden with petals wondrous fair,
And stamens of bright gold,
How marvellous the destiny
Its fragrant bloom foretold!

Within the holy Temple dwelt
A Maiden fair to see;

“Pure as the breath of God”: conceived
Immaculate was She.

Many a noble suitor came
To claim the Maiden's hand,
And at her virgin feet laid down
The treasures of the land.

One amid the princely throng
Brought no rare gift to her,
Save the treasure of a virgin heart, —
Joseph, the carpenter.

Thus spake the guardians of the Maid:
“Who is the choice of God?
Behold He speaks in miracles —
Bring each a barren rod:

“He whose bare branch shall bring forth flowers,
The Virgin's spouse shall be.”
And lo! 't was holy Joseph's bloomed:
Chosen of God was he!

Hail, fragrant bloom ! hail, virgin heart !

Hail, miracle sublime !

Each year when this dear Feast comes round,

E'en to the end of time,

This sweet tradition lips shall tell,

Blessing the power of God,

Who brought these lilies wondrous fair

Forth from a barren rod.



'T IS NO DISGRACE TO BE IRISH.

'T was no disgrace to be Irish
In the far-famed days of old,
When the tale of our redemption
In Tara's halls was told.
When the holy feet of Saint Patrick
Blessed the land whose soil they trod,
And a pathway traced, never yet effaced,
From Ireland to God.

'T was no disgrace, when the jewel
Of learning, rich and rare,
Was set in the priceless setting
Of Erin's homes of prayer.
When the sons of noble races
Flocked to the emerald shore,
And a halo of fame crowned Erin's name, —
The light of her wondrous lore.

'T was no disgrace for poor Ireland,
 Tho' her robe of emerald green
Was steeped in the flood of her children's blood, —
 Thrice bitter days, I ween ! —
When the hearts of her noblest sons were torn
 On the rack of English hate,
And her altar shrines to the winds consigned
 In the days of "Ninety-eight."

'T is no disgrace to be Irish,
 Tho' the wolf of famine roams
Over their mountains and valleys,
 Stands gaunt in the midst of their homes.
Ah me ! full many have perished
 In the wild and wearisome strife ;
But death is a threshold : we cross it
 To enter the mansion of life.

'T is no disgrace to be Irish,
 Or to bear the faith to-day,
That Ireland's sons have cherished
 Thro' many a weary way.

What ! a disgrace to be Irish !

A pride and a joy let it be !

More than fortune or fame, prize the faith and the name
Of the Saint hallowed isle of the sea.



KITTY'S RUSE.

"O Jamie, come and help me, come help me, Jamie dear,

"Tis queer the butter plagues me whenever you are here.

"Where am I?' In the dairy and tired as I can be,"
Cries bonny Kitty Gray to her lover Jamie Lee.

"Last week I churned an hour, there's mischief somewhere in it—

The butter would n't come for me—you brought it in a minute!"

"Kitty, heart's love, I'm sorry the butter plagues you so."

"O Jamie Lee, 't is teasing you my sister is, I know.

You would n't think she 'd do so, but, Jamie dear, she will ; ”

Cries Bob, of ten bright summers perched on the window-sill.

“She 's only just begun—ha, ha! there would be mischief in it,

To see cream turn to butter before it's churned a minute.”

“Bob speaks the truth, dear Kitty, your blushes tell me so ;

I did n't think your true heart could bear to tease me, tho'.

How could you?” queries Jamie—sweet Kitty droops her eyes,

Twirls her apron round her fingers and with *naïveté* replies :

“I guess—there was—a mixture of love—and mischief in it—

I wanted—just to speak to you—if only for a minute.”

Well, Jamie did the churning, while Kitty hovered nigh,
Her dimpled cheeks like roses, a sparkle in her eye,

And Jamie made love speeches while Kitty stood
demure ;

Ah ! both the lad and lassie were very glad, I 'm sure,
That, 'twixt the love and mischief sly Kitty said was
in it,

The butter did n't come for an hour and a minute !



DEVOTION OF THE MONTH OF MARY.

Ages ago from the store of God
An angel bore a holy thought ;
In a human heart upturned the sod
And sowed the little seed he brought.

It took deep root, ere long it grew,
And in May's fairest opening hours,
While leaves were crowned with heavenly dew,
Bless'd Suso culled the first sweet flowers.

How oft did he for Mary twine
Thro' this fair month rose-garlands sweet,
And crown'd her brow, and deck'd her shrine,
And laid fresh blossoms at her feet !

.

The white-robed Friar passed away,
Yet evermore the rare plant grew,
And bore its sweetest flowers in May,
Yet blossom'd all the whole year thro'.

Flourished 'neath heaven's unceasing care ;
And, pruned by tender, rev'rent hands,
The branches carried everywhere
Took root in many distant lands.

Deep set in martyr-hallowed sod,
Blooming where balmy zephyrs blow,
Perfection crown'd this growth of God
A hundred fruitful years ago !

From May's bright dawning to its close,
Behold ! on incense laden air
'Mid light and song and bloom uprose
To Mary's throne unceasing prayer !

O holy thought ! (the fruitful seed,)
O virgin heart ! (the fertile-soil,)

Sweet May devotion, flowery meed
Rewarding years of prayerful toil !

Hail fair Italia, praise be thine !
Ferrara ! glory unto thee !
Hail Madonnina, humble shrine,
Henceforth exalted thou shalt be !

A hundred fruitful years have sped —
Behold, upon this fair May-day,
The sweet devotion world wide spread,
And Mary crowned the Queen of May !

Thro' this sweet month, O Virgin blest,
With holy hymns of jubilee,
From north to south from east to west,
Love keeps a glad centenary.

“ How sad 't would be,” our fond hearts say,
“ To see our Mother's days depart,
Only comes then to us alway
The month of Jesus' Sacred Heart.”

Oh, with sweet hymns we breathe "Farewell,"
Dear month of Mary, unto thee,
Yet long within our hearts will dwell
The joys of this centenary.

In the fourteenth century, Blessed Henry Suso, with rose garlands and myrtle branches decked the shrine of Mary during the month of May. Through centuries pious souls, here and there, followed the tender practice. It was during the year 1774, one hundred years ago, that, in the little church of the Madonna, Ferrara, Italy, the private devotion of loving hearts became an act of public veneration, and before long reached its full development in the universal *Devotion of the Month of Mary*.

May 31, 1884.

THE HEART OF THE SACRED HOST.

Ecce Agnus Dei, ecce qui tollis peccata mundi.

A little Host, white as the driven snow,
Is all mine eyes can see ;
And yet it holds a living Heart, I know,
Throbbing unceasingly.

Heart of the One eternal Triune God,
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
As God and Man, by heaven and earth adored
In this little snow-white Host !

A happy Heart, that fain our joys would share
Lest earth their brightness dim,
That yearns to have us free as birds of air,
Yet chained thro' love to Him.

A faithful Heart that ceaseless vigil keeps
And hears each plaintive call :
That thro' the lone watch wearies not nor sleeps
But guards and guides us all.

A patient Heart, so free from anxious fretting !
Yet how solicitous !
Ingratitude forgiving and forgetting,
Still waiting here for us.

A tender Heart, that fain would share each grief
Immortal souls must bear ;
That yearns to give each suffering heart relief
From want and pain and care.

A grateful Heart, that for the earthly treasure
"Lent unto Him," repays
The priceless wealth of heav'nly realms in measure
A hundred fold always.

A pleading Heart! how fond and sweet and pure
Its tender whispers are !

When wily tempter would our souls allure
From virtue's ways afar.

A Heart of fire ! burning the dross away
From tarnished souls, and dim,
Till in the crucible they grow each day
More pure, more dear to Him.

O Sacred Host ! a trysting-place divine
This altar fair shall be,
For Thy Heart yearns to hold love's tryst with
mine !
Lo ! Thou art now with me !
My soul doth on the Heart of God recline !
O wondrous mystery !

LE BON DIEU.*

AN INCIDENT OF THE FRANCO-PRUSSIAN WAR.

In the dark days when fair, fair France

Bowed 'neath the scourge of war ;

When men fought on the battle-field,

And women prayed afar,

Crowds gathered round the little church

In the village of Velars.†

“ They come ! the Prussians come ! ” they cried ;

“ Run for the good curé,

That he may hasten here to bear

Le bon Dieu safe away !

The Prussian horde will desecrate

Our little church to-day !

* The good God.

† A small village near Dijon.

"They come ! they come ! *Mon Dieu ! mon Dieu !*

The curé, — where is he ?

Nearer the sound of tramping feet,

Upon us they will be !"

Fear blanched each peasant face, and wrung

Each heart with agony.

'T was not the fear of death,

Nor fear of fighting foreign foe ;

They feared that ruthless Prussian hand

Unto the winds might throw

The Sacred Species, Bread of Life,

Food of the soul below !

Swift came the word : "The good curé

Is on a distant call."

"And who shall carry *le bon Dieu* ?"

A voice spake : "Little Paul

His First Communion made this year,

He is the best of all."

A lad of rare good sense was he ;

Guileless of heart they knew ;

And yet with trembling voice he cried :

“What would you have me do?

I'm not a priest, and how can I

Carry *le bon Dieu* ?”

'T was then with one accord they chose

A fair child, four years old,

With sweet, angelic face, his hair

An aureole of gold ;

“His little hands are pure,” said they :

“*Le bon Dieu* he may hold.”

The troubled sea of human life

Lo ! suddenly grew calm,

As tenderly the father raised

His child upon his arm,

And placed a snowy linen cloth

Within one rosy palm.

The little fingers slowly turned

The tabernacle key ;

The father spake a whispered word,—

And oh ! how tenderly

The pure hands of the child drew forth
The God of purity !

Upon his father's sturdy arm
Sat the little one amazed,
Bearing within his baby hands
The ciborium upraised ;
With burning tapers followed all,
And soon — O God be praised ! —

Le bon Dieu was secure from harm ;
And while the Prussian horde
Made havoc in the holy place
With tender memories stored,
An humble peasant's lowly cot
Gave shelter to the Lord.

THE BRIDAL.

They kneel before the altar side by side,
Love given for love, heart pledged to heart :
For Holy Church the nuptial knot has tied,
And Christ-like She has breathed : "Till death do
part."

As at the festive scene of Galilee,
Jesus is here, the marriage feast to bless ;
And Mary, too, with watchful love to see
Each want supplied, maternal tenderness !

The faithful friends around them fondly breathe
To heaven's throne of grace the fervent prayer
That wedded life with gentle hands may weave
Immortal garlands for their souls to wear.

Life may have cares, — but if 't would not be so,
If souls might ever bask in sun and flowers,
Would they, though satiate with these sweets below,
E'er yearn for other than terrestrial bowers?

The past may likened be to morn's first light;
The present to full dawning of the day;
Oh! may the future reach meridian's height
And life, in golden sunset, pass away.

Go forth, dear friends, and tread life's given way;
Let heart aid heart each heavy cross to bear;
Let hand help hand all through the busy day;
And soul with soul each joy and sorrow share;

And the fond blessing Holy Church implored
In Nuptial Mass upon your bridal vows
Will gain the choicest gifts heaven holds enstored
Within the Sacred Heart of Christ, Her Spouse.

THE CROWNING SACRIFICE.

The last sermon of the Rev. Thomas N. Burke, O. P., was delivered in aid of the fund for the starving children of Donegal.

Ill unto death, the holy monk
 Raised thrice his pen to trace
A kind refusal of the aid
 Sought for his suffering race ;
And thrice he laid it down again,
 For nature strove with grace.

“ Poor helpless little ones ! Ah me !
 ‘ Father, plead for us ! ’ they cry.
What matters one frail life,” he mused,
 “ If many are saved thereby ?
Oh, if it save my children’s lives,
 What matters if I die ?

“Five thousand helpless little ones!
I hear their plaintive cries!
*In the name of God I'll wield once more
The power that in me lies!” . . .*
Within the Book of Life was writ
His vow of sacrifice!

He sought the Altar of the Lord,
The shrine of our dear Queen,
And bore in his anointed hand
His rosary, I ween,
Breathing that sweetest prayer of love,
In face of death serene.

Hath man done greater deed than he,
Deed worthier of renown?
To keep life in God's little ones
He laid his own life down!
His love the perfect Christ-like love
That wins a shining crown.

Forth from a couch of wearing pain
To preach once more came he,
And labored up the pulpit steps, —
His Mount of Calvary, —
And fondly blessed the throng that yearned
“Dear Father Tom” to see.

Calm was his brow: the peace of God
Shone there, a crown of light.
All gazed upon the white-robed friar,
So humble in his might, —
So like a seraph form that he
Might vanish from their sight.

Bright was his eye with fire divine,
Could he its warmth impart?
His voice came forth a flame of love,
Each word a burning dart;
And lo! the fire of charity
Was lit in every heart. . . .

He gained the end for which he toiled :

He stilled his children's cries ;

And when his work of love was done,

In death he closed his eyes.

Eternal life with Christ, his Spouse,

Repay's the sacrifice.



JESUS OF NAZARETH PASSETH BY.

I fain would kneel as near as I can be
The way where He I love is borne past me !
I fain would gaze upon the pastor's face
Who bears Him tenderly in fond embrace ;
'T would seem that faith and hope and reverent
fear

Were centred all in love for Him so dear.
He bears the Father, Lord of heaven and earth !
The Son to whom a Virgin pure gave birth !
The Spirit, co-eternal One above, —
The Triune God 'neath Sacrament of Love !
Bow down, O Soul, the moment blest is nigh —
JESUS OF NAZARETH IS PASSING BY !
His word, alone, thy many wounds can heal ;
His Sacred Heart will heed thy weak appeal ;

Oh, call ! He passeth just as true to-day
As when His path round Judea's mountains lay.
His mystic presence hath to-day the power,
Self-same that healed the blinded in that hour
When winds of evening bore to Him the cry :
"Jesus of Nazareth is passing by !"
"Jesus have mercy," — from the distance came ;
"Jesus have mercy," — clearer rang that name ;
"Jesus have mercy," — at His feet he fell
To let his sightless eyes their story tell.
He rose — all healed : his faith had made him
whole.
Oh ! longer doubttest thou my trembling soul ?

In Holy Cross Cathedral, Boston, after Solemn High
Mass and Vespers, the Blessed Sacrament is borne
from the grand altar to the chapel of the Blessed
Sacrament.

A CALL TO THE CLOISTER.

'T was in the holy stillness
Of Matin prayer it came ;
When Vesper bells were pealing
I heard it just the same ;

In halls where mirth and pleasure
Were reigning over all,
I only heard re-echoed
Ever the same sweet call.

I knew not whence the summons,
Nor where 't would have me go :
I only knew that heaven
Seemed on the earth helow.

'T was the eve of the Assumption,
How dear the feast has grown !
Before the shrine of Mary
I knelt to pray alone.

And I sought from our sweet mother
One boon : that I might know
Whence came the wordless summons
And where 't would have me go.

Then I heard as in a vision
(Tho' no presence did I see,)
The voice of Jesus breathing :
" My child, come follow Me.

" Now in thy life's bright morning,
Choose the better part ;
Forsake the world's vain pleasure,
Come, rest upon my Heart."

Then stillness reigned about me,
And my heart began to swell

With a tender, holy yearning
To bid the world farewell.

The moments fled unheeded,
The hours winged swiftly past ;
All fear and doubt had vanished,
I knew the call at last.

I woke — 't was not from slumber,
I had not slumbered there ;
I woke when night shades deepened
From ecstasy of prayer.

And I thanked my Virgin Mother,
Thro' her sweet power I know,
I learned from whence the summons
And where 't would have me go.

Three years have sped ; at th' altar
Of Mary, a convent shrine,
I kneel, — 't is the Assumption,
And oh, what joy is mine !

Upon my brow is resting
A bridal wreath, 't is fair ;
Entwined around my girdle
My chosen gems I wear.

My wreath a snowy bandeau,
The dearest one to me !
These are the gems I cherish,
The beads of my rosary.

Before this hour is ended
I'll breathe my nuptial vows :
My home henceforth the cloister,
The God of heaven my spouse.

O JESU MI!*

I kneel before an altar chaste and fair
Within a convent chapel, home of prayer.
The little light that burns so bright and clear
Tells me, dear Lord, that Thou art dwelling here.
Oh! when the heart is light, the spirits gay,
How sweet to steal a little while away
From worldly things to come and visit Thee,
O Jesu Mi! O Jesu Mi!

In the dark hours when the soul depressed
Yearns for a time of holy peace and rest;
When some new cross seems more than heart can
bear,

*Suggested by reading these words on the base of the altar in the chapel of St. Joseph's Convent, Woodfords, Me.

And all around is spread the tempter's snare ;
When the tried soul sends forth the pleading cry,
"Jesus, have mercy !" knowing Thou art nigh —
Oh ! then how sweet to come and lean on Thee,
O Jesu Mi ! O Jesu Mi !

In the glad hours when these cares depart
And peace descends upon the troubled heart,
When lips the while seem powerless to frame
Aught save in tender whispers Jesus' Name ;
When for a time unto the soul is given
A foretaste of supernal joys of heaven —
Oh ! then how sweet to nestle close to Thee,
O Jesu Mi ! O Jesu Mi !

In the dread hour when the fluttering breath
Shall fainter grow beneath the kiss of death ;
When trembling hands shall strive in vain to hold
Their rosary — 't will fall, its beads untold ;
When sense shall fail and pallid lips grow dumb,
How sweet to know that Thou to us wilt come
In Thy Sweet Sacrament, our Life to be,
O Jesu Mi ! O Jesu Mi !

A COZY LITTLE HOME AND A LOVING
LITTLE WIFE.

When weary after daily toil,
And homeward I 'm returning,
'T is sweet to know a beaming light
Is in my window burning.
To know a tender, loving hand
Hath placed it there for me ;
But sweeter far the love-lit face
Of my own dear wife to see.
O, what care I for a roving life ?
A life on the rolling sea ?
A cozy little home and a loving little wife
Are world enough for me.

No princely dwelling is our home,
'T is a cottage quaint and neat,

No daisied fields on any side,
It stands in a city street.
But sweet flowers in the casement blow,
Woodbine twines round the door ;
Sunbeams of love our hearts illumine,
Ah, then ! what need we more ?
Farewell, farewell to a roving life !
Tho' once 't was so dear to me ;
In a cozy little home with a loving little wife,
I 'm happy as I can be.

When age has dimmed her lustrous hair,
Traced furrows on her brow,
I know I 'll love my little wife
E'en more than I do now.
Then hand in hand for many a year,
We 'll tread, please God, life's way,
With hearts as young, and fond, and true,
As on our wedding day.
O, in childhood my dream was a roving life,
In boyhood my joy was the sea ;
Now a cozy little home and a loving little wife
Are all, save heaven, to me.

AFTER THE CONSECRATION.

"The seal of holiness has been set upon this temple."

From the thrillingly beautiful sermon delivered by the Rt. Rev. John Joseph Kain, D.D., Bishop of Wheeling, West Virginia, during solemn Vespers which closed the grand ceremonies of August 31, at St. Augustine's Church, South Boston.

Corner-stone laid September, 1870. Dedicated August 28, 1874. Consecrated August 31, 1884.

God's seal is on it! 't is His very own :

The consecrated ground, the corner-stone,

The crypt, the nave, the transept, altar, choir,

The bell-tower, and the cross-surmounted spire.

The exorcisms, the anointings o'er,

Canceled are earthly bonds forevermore.

God's seal is on it — CONSECRATED, FREE,

Thro' years unnumbered His ALONE 't will be !

Beneath the candelabrum golden-bright,
Scintillating in the shining light,
I kneel entranced, my dazzled eyes upraise,
Upon the altar, wondrous pure! I gaze,
And marvel if at home or 'cross the sea,
For King divine a throne more fair can be, —
My soul the while, dilating, pleads and prays :
“ Linger long with us, O great day of days ! ”

O, there are moments to the spirit given,
That seem in passing a bright dream of heaven ;
We fain would wake no more to worldly things,
But, earth contemning, soar on seraph wings
Upward and on thro' starlit realms of space,
'Til in the rapture of a God's embrace,
The “ Lamb once slain on Calvary's Mount ” we see—
Finding the dream a blest reality.

Would that a Raphael's power to me were given!
And oh! the soul-dream of the life of heaven
This blessed night would I delineate,
'Til the rude canvas, all inanimate,

Should glow with life celestial, grand, divine,
Its source here centred in this marble shrine,
Hidden — ah yes! to worldly eyes mayhaps,
But 't is a mystic veil the God-head wraps,
And faith believes and feels and knows — can SEE
That God is truly here — How near to me!

But no, alas! this lowly hand of mine
Hath only power a wreath of verse to twine.
And so to-night I blend love, joy, and praise,
Sweet flow'rets cheering e'en life's humblest ways,
And here and there 'mid brightest buds I weave
A snowdrop, when my soul doth fondly breathe
A *De Profundus* for loved ones who sleep,
Whilst olden memories tender vigils keep.

Dear Saint Augustine's! often when the heart
Is full, the lips essay in vain to part;
Or parting, yet the tongue sends forth no word —
Only a flutter of the soul is heard,
As when we kneel in the tribunal blest;
Whilst at the Table of the Lord we rest;

As when with soul love-burning we depart,
Bearing in ours the tender Sacred Heart,
And linger for a space with Guest divine,
Now at dear Mary's, now at Joseph's shrine.

Fair Queen of temples ! Heaven to-day hath set
Upon thy brow a lustrous coronet ;
Placed in thy hand a scepter of bright gold,
And given to thee a dower of wealth untold.
Thy loyal subjects in unriven zone
Circle to-night around thy regal throne ;
The angel host in realms celestial sings
Sanctus, *Sanctus*, SANCTUS, and the King of kings,
The God of love, sealing eternal vows,
Giveth the "kiss of peace" to thee His spouse.

SOUTH BOSTON, August 31, 1884.

THE SHIVERED GLASS.

You say you cannot give up this one measure,
And victory o'er the tempter win to-day !
That you will drain this last cup of wine's pleasure,
Then break forever from its charms away !

Ah me ! what bitter want and sin and sorrow
The *last glass* — often taken — hath begun !
Conquer TO-DAY ; why wait for any morrow ?
Shiver the glass ! Thank God ! the vict'ry 's won.

Go forth ; and oh ! when writhing in temptation —
The crucible of fire that tries all men,
Remember : self-denial wins salvation ;
Never replace the shivered glass again.

A GOLDEN JUBILEE.

Fold thy pure hands, dear sister,
Nor wait life's setting sun ;
Thy long, long day of labor
At length for thee hath won
Reprieve ; 't is best for thee to rest —
Thy noble share is done.

With youthful eye love beaming,
And guileless heart aglow,
Oh, thou didst seek the labor
Of Christ long years ago :
With patient toil, in human soil,
The seeds of heaven to sow.

Then rest thee, gentle sister,
And gaze with dreamy eyes
On clouds that flit like angel wings
'Tween earth and paradise,
Or dream sweet dreams ere golden beams
Vanish from sunlit skies.

“Nay, nay,” the brave soul answers :
(Pierced with a seraph dart,)
“On earth to toil and suffer
And love, shall be my part.
Heaven holds my rest, how sweet, how blest !
A wounded, Sacred Heart.”

Earth's joys are weighed — found wanting,
The worth of heaven's divined !
The soul, tried, true, and patient,
The heart in Christ's enshrined,
Wins joy supreme when the fleeting dream
Of earthly joy's resigned.

Hail years of holy wooing,
Of many a pure love tryst !
Hail morn of sweet espousals
Of a novice soul and Christ ;
The God of heaven to mortal given !—
What hath mortal sacrificed ?

Hail years of toil ! hail harvest
Matured midst joy and pain !
Heart-joys the warm bright sunbeams,
Heart-griefs the dew and rain
Strength'ning root and leaf, filling the sheath,
Ripening the golden grain.

Oh, a blessing grand and holy
Speeds 'neath the ocean foam,
From the heart of our Holy Father,
From our earthly heaven, Rome,
And its accents sweet fond lips repeat
To thee in thy cloister-home.

Near Mary's shrines and Joseph's,
O spouse of Christ ! for thee
Hearts twine, to-day, rare garlands —
More fragrant none can be —
For each flow'ret fair is a tender prayer
Of holy jubilee !

In the Visitation Convent, Washington, D. C., on the
Feast of Saint Joseph, 1885, was celebrated the fiftieth
anniversary of the Religious Profession of Sister Jane
Frances de Chantal Cummings.



CALLED AND CHOSEN.

The burning tapers flood with mellow light
A holy sanctuary chaste and fair ;
The golden sunbeams with their radiance bright
Illumine all the hallowed place of prayer.

Rich waves of music from the organ flow,
And ebbing die in tender melody ;
While faces mirror souls' ecstatic glow
Amidst a hush of fond expectancy.

From swaying censers perfumed clouds ascend,
Breaking away 'neath frescoed arch above ;
With choirs celestial earthly voices blend, —
Heaven views with earth the Sacrifice of love.

Before the altar three young Levites kneel —
 Across each snowy alb a deep red stole —
 And we who gaze upon them almost feel
 The joy exquisite thrilling each young soul ;

A joy so deep, 't is near akin to pain —
 A pain more sweet than worldly joys can be,
 That soothes the heart it seems to rend in twain
 With healing balm of love's pure ecstasy.

And why this wondrous sheen of altar light ?
 This flush of holy joy illuming all ?
 Do hearts and shrines extol in vesture bright
 God's great elect, St. Peter and St. Paul ?

Nay, nay ; for Holy Church, the Lord's fair bride,
 In tender union with her Triune Spouse
 The great commemoration sets aside
 To bless to-day the holiest of vows.

Oh, ye have read the tender, touching story
 Of the Last Supper, when the Lord divine,

For love of men and for His Father's glory,
Changed to His flesh and blood the bread and wine;

Read how He breathed unto them when arisen :
"Receive the Holy Ghost"—and God's peace
reigned —
"Whose sins you shall forgive they are forgiven,
Whose sins you shall retain they are retained."

Read, too, within those sacred Scripture pages :
"GO TEACH ALL NATIONS!" O command sublime!
Hail powers to be transmitted thro' all ages!
Hail mission fruitful to the end of time!

Oh, still resounds the tender, pleading call
That won the fishermen of Galilee :
Still hearts responding cry: "My Lord, my all,
Behold we leave all things to follow Thee."

The Mass goes on The moment dread is here —
With voice episcopal three voices blend
In consecration — lo! the WORD descends!
Angelic choirs, invisible, attend,

The while, with reverent love, adoring fear,
Our trembling hearts the mystery revere

The rite goes on Link by link are severed
Fetters of worldly pleasure, earthly love :
Forged is a brighter chain, 't will last forever,
Each shining link a grace from heaven above.

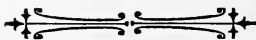
Lo! the Episcopate by God appointed
Weds the young Levites to th' Eternal Spouse :
In priestly vesture they arise, ANOINTED,
While heaven records the holiest of vows.

A joy supreme the mariner doth know,
When winds are still and clouds no longer lower ;
When in the rosy light of morning's glow,
His bark safe moored, he gains the welcome shore.

What tho' again, at morrow's dawn, he goes
To struggle bravely with both wind and wave ?—
There 's future strength in present sweet repose,
And God is strong to guard, and guide, and save.

One voyage of three chosen souls is o'er :
One stormless voyage 'cross the sea of life ;
To-day they rest upon a welcome shore,
Go forth to-morrow unto noblest strife.

Fishers of men ! their net the Word divine ;
Their course far out o'er life's tempestuous sea.
O Heart of Mary, *Stella Maris*, shine !
O Heart of Jesus, Thou their haven be !



KATHLEEN AND JAMIE.

A proud ship anchored lay
In Queenstown's fair bay,
While sad hearts gathered near on the quay ;
Oh ! the wailings, the sighs,
The heart-rending " Good-byes !"
God of love ! that such parting must be !

There, aside from the throng,
Stood a lad, brave and strong,
With the light of love shone his dark eye ;
And a maid sweet and fair
With soft curls of brown hair,
And eyes blue as the mid-summer sky.

7

“O Jamie, don’t go !
My heart ’s breaking with woe, —
Oh ! to die here on Erin’s fair shore,
With my hand clasp’d in thine,
Thy dear face close to mine, —
To feel hunger and heart-ache no more.”

“O Kathleen, heart’s love !
See, the sun shines above
Where dark clouds lower’d a moment ago :
A good omen, machree !
Why down-hearted are we ?
Sure the darkest hour ’s just before dawn.

“Come, now, smile once again
As the happy day when
Heart and hand, love, you promised to me.
Say, ‘God bless you,’ once more, —
Breathe it, love, o’er and o’er ;
’T will protect me when on the wide sea.’

“O Jamie, machree !
Your heart’s breaking, may be,
Tho’ so cheery your voice and your smile.
May God keep from all harm
Thy brave heart, true and warm,
On the sea and in lonely exile.”

“One fond kiss, love — good-bye ! —
What ! a tear in your eye ?
Sure, ’t is God wills this parting to be ;
We are safe in His care
Kathleen dear, anywhere
In lov’d Erin or on the wide sea.

“O, this dear hand to claim !
Heaven bless my fond aim :
For my Kathleen a home to provide.
Now, be brave, my heart’s love,
The kind Father above
Will protect thee, whatever betide.”

The proud ship sailed away
The noontide of that day,
And fair Kathleen stood out on the quay,
'Til 't was lost to her view,
Praying softly, I knew,
For her lover-lad crossing the sea.

O Erin, sad isle !
In sweet dreams the exile
With fair Kathleen treads now thy green shore ;
Sees her love-beaming eyes,
Hears her lips' fond replies, —
But, alas ! — wakes in exile once more.

DIVINE RETRIBUTION.

[The civil authorities of Marseilles forbade this year the annual solemn procession in thanksgiving for delivery from pestilence. It is a remarkable fact that on the very day on which the prohibited procession was to have taken place, the cholera broke out in the city; was it simply a coincidence?—*Ave Maria*, July 26, 1884.]

Ah France ! the direful mandate thou hast spoken ;
The golden chain of hallowed prayer lies broken, —
The chain that held th' avenging wrath of God !
Bow, Marseillaise, 'neath yoke of fierce oppression,
Never again in holiest procession
May thy fair soil be trod.

France, eldest daughter of a tender mother !
Thou hast become an ingrate as none other ;
O'er thee thy mother wails and weeps and prays.
Ah ! thou hast set at naught her fond protection,
Straying afar — O child of God's election !

In evil, woful ways.

Thy happy homes an awful breath is blighting ;
Thy children's lives an awful arm is smiting ;
Unfettered sweeps th' avenging wrath divine !
Hearest thou not weird cries of dereliction ?
Carest thou naught for this supreme affliction,
Fruit of one deed of thine ?

O France, fair France ! what demon spell is o'er thee ?
Perdition lies a dark abyss before thee,
And thou art frenzied with a fierce God-hate :
Plunging toward death worse than annihilation, —
O thou once royal and still mighty nation ! —
Pause ere it be TOO LATE.

Thy tender mother, Holy Church, is yearning,
O France, fair prodigal ! for thy returning,
Longing to fold thee to her heart once more.
Alas ! vain dreams of freedom that allured thee
In pestilential prison have immured thee, —
And thou wast FREE before.

O Heavenly Queen ! thro' this dark night defend her !
Thou who art "*Morning Star*" may thy pure splendor
A guiding light unto the wanderer be !
Thy love divine her wild God-hate out-weighing, —
Mother of Christ ! 'mid throes of death are praying
The children of France to thee.

SAINT TERESA.

The clouds of ages break away to-night,
A pure, sweet face, with forehead coifed looks
down,
A brown serge habit glows in heaven's light, —
The snowy coif becomes a shining crown.

One mystic hand a parchment roll doth bear,
The other downward points to hell's abyss,
A saint's sweet voice repeats "Beware, beware !
God's mercy only saved my soul from this."

The mystic hands the parchment leaves unroll :
Romances, legends, tales, are written there ;
The lurid flames leap up and grasp the scroll,
Again the saint's sweet voice repeats "Beware !"

The vision changes : lurid flames depart,
 Celestial radiance fills the sky above,
 Halos of glory circle round a heart
 Transfixed with penitent and burning love.

Lo ! as we gaze the heart becomes a scroll,
 Deep, mystic words we see engraven there—
 'T is ours to read the secret of a soul
 Who lived on earth in ecstasy of prayer.

“O God, to suffer or to die !” 'T was all,
 'T was everything — a prayer divine
 That broke the seal that held her soul in thrall,
 And made it pliant unto God's design.

Dear Saint Teresa ! from our hearts to-night
 Prayers of petition heavenward rise to thee ;
 Aid us, dear Saint, thro' time to read aright
 The holy lessons of eternity.

And when we toil in lore-fields of the age,
 Oh ! may our labors ever be thy care,

Else we may glean the chaff from bard and sage
Leaving the ripened grain ungarnered there.

Upon thy shrine a chaplet bright we see,
The fragrant blossoms culled in bowers of love,
Angelic hosts the tribute bear to thee,
Saint of seraphic heart reigning above!



A TRIBUTE

TO MY ESTEEMED FRIEND, DR. E. P. Le PROHON, ON THE
FEAST OF HIS PATRON, ST. EDWARD, KING
OF ENGLAND.

'T is grand, sublime, thy task to soothe
The wearied body, fevered, pained;
'T is grand, sublime, aye, even more,
'T is holy, aye, and God ordained.

'T is God ordained : long years ago
Fair Judea's hills did oft resound
With words of praise for Him who trod
With humble feet the far famed ground.

Who went about with saving power
And healed the ills of man each day ;
Who spoke — and by his word alone,
The lame arose and went their way.

His holy hands the lepers cleansed,
And made the many blind to see,
And cured the deaf and dumb who came
To Him with faith, in Galilee.

To save the suffering — blessed gift
Akin to healing power divine !
O friend esteemed and dearly loved,
Hath thro' a fruitful life been thine,

How faithfully thy loyal heart
Doth guard the secrets told to thee
In the dread moment when the soul
Is verging on eternity.

How oft when God's decree is passed,
And mortal's earthly course is run,

When racking pains assert their sway
And all that thou canst do is done,

'T is thine to break with gentle voice,
Death tidings, — sad yet holy task, —
When trembling hearts, in mingled hope
And fear, thy verdict mutely ask ;

And souls, bowed down in grief, implore
For thee choice blessings day by day ; —
O heaven's road is surely thine,
For feet divine have traced the way.

God gives thee, too, another guide,
Whose memory lives in holy fame ;
Where'er the Cross of Christ is raised
All hearts revere thy patron's name.

E'en tho' he dwelt in kingly halls,
And England's royal sceptre bore,
His virtues far outshone the gems
That glittered in the crown he wore.

O blest St. Edward ! from my heart
Ascends to-night a fervent prayer :
“O may thy sweet abiding love,
Thy guidance and thy tender care,

“As in the past, still follow him,
Whose faith is ever firm in thee,
'Til he hath passed thro' death to life
And gained a blest eternity.”



THE MONTH OF THE ANGELS.

'T is the royal harvesting season,
The autumnal skies are serene ;
While we gather earth's fruits in rich plenty
The graces of heaven we glean ;
For there comes in the month of the angels
Many a feast that we love,
And on earth the fond children of Mary
Praise their mother with choirs above ;
And all the world over this month of October
Comes youth and comes maiden with heav'nly
fruits laden :
Holy thoughts, words and deeds ; and the angelic
bands,
In mystical hands,
Bear the burden of love to the Beautiful One
Reigning in heaven with Jesus, her Son.

'T is the bright month of the angels
And of Mary, the Queen of them all;
Clasping our rosaries fondly
On the sweet Maiden-Mother we call.
And we hear strains of marvellous music,
The rustle of shimmering wings,
For the angel hosts gather around us,
They list to our fond whisperings.
And hearts the world over this month of October
In a setting of prayer place the gems rich and rare :
Holy thoughts, words and deeds ; and the angelic
bands,
With mystical hands,
Crown the fair brow of the Beautiful One
Reigning in heaven with Jesus, her Son.

THE MONTH OF THE HOLY SOULS.

The chill, wintry winds of November
Are burdened with many a sigh,
With many a story of anguish,
With many a sorrowful cry.
List! 't is the souls in a vast burning prairie
Crying to us in their pain : *Miserere !*

Some dear one beloved in the past,
A heart true to us till the last ;
A soul whom we deemed free from stain,
Unto whom we dreamed had been given
A robe for the nuptials of heaven,
Alas ! writhes in torturing pain : —
Out of the depths of the vast burning prairie
Crieth this soul unto us : *Miserere !*

O let us re-echo this cry
Till it reaches the throne upon high,
Let us lift up our hands and implore,
O'er and o'er, o'er and o'er,
The mercy of God thro' this month of November,
Repeating, "O Lord, remember, remember,
The faithful departed : Rest give unto them —
Domine, dona eis requiem."

O, hark to the winds that by night and by day
Whisper this message from spirit lands : "Pray
For souls that can merit not, souls that endure
The purgative flames that will render them pure ;
For the Suffering Church in the vast burning prairie,
Church Militant, cry unto heaven : *Miserere !*"

O Spirit of Charity, hover thou near,
Lest 'mid the world's turmoil our hearts fail to hear,
Else, hearing, we heed not, or cease to remember
The message borne to us on winds of November ;
O linger on earth, and by night and by day
To the living breathe ceaselessly, pleadingly : "Pray

For the souls of the dead," till time shall be
Lost in the heart of eternity ;
Till the breath of God breathed o'er the purgative fire
Quenches the flame ; and the captive's desire
For heaven, for God, gains repletion at last. . . .
With time dies the flame of this mystical prairie
And the pitiful wail of the dead : *Miserere !*



OUR LADY OF LOURDES.

Like God's sweet blessings the bright sunbeams fall
And fondly linger round the grotto-hall,
Crowning as with a diadem of grace
Our *Lady of Lourdes*, who guards the holy place.
How often from the break 'til close of day,
Come faithful hearts to love and thank and pray,
While Mary's lips as often seem to say :

"I am the Immaculate Conception."

How oft, when anxious watchers breathe a prayer
That She some loved one in their midst would spare,
Her holy hands upraised in mute appeal
Are lowered to earth awhile to bless and heal.

Whilst humbly kneeling at her virgin feet,
In gratitude her praises to repeat,
They seem to hear, in accents pure and sweet :

"I am the Immaculate Conception."

Conceived without sin ! O spotless Queen of heaven !
The clouds of justice seem above us riven,
Whilst thro' the sword wound in that heart of thine,
The brightest rays of mercy seem to shine.
And as we kneel and humbly crave to know
The greatest gift heaven did on thee bestow,
There comes a sweet reply in whisper low :

"'T was my Immaculate Conception."

Conceived without sin ! not e'en for one short hour
Did Satan wield o'er thee his evil power !
O Heart Immaculate ! to Thee we cry,
In Thee we live, in Thee we hope to die.
O joy ! to breathe "Hail Mary full of grace !"
Gazing, in heaven, upon thy pure, sweet face,
Whilst angels hover near this holy place
To praise thy Immaculate Conception.

ST. DOMINIC'S CHURCH, PORTLAND, ME.

1828 — 1885.

Hush ! let us not pass by with hurrying feet,
Nor let us pause, the passers-by to greet ;
But enter here, and from the mind and heart
For a short space bid worldliness depart ;
And bowing down within the holy place,
Quaff a rich draught from out the fount of grace.

You wonder why it is so dear to me
This olden church ? and fail the charm to see ?
The golden sunlight through stained windows falls,
And with bright tints illumines the hallowed walls :
Thus olden memories flood with joy the heart,
And lo ! the shades of daily cares depart.

How many glancing back o'er memory's page
Unto a happy, care-free childhood age,
Live o'er again their first Communion day;
Another later on, perchance, when they
Pledged holy nuptial vows in manhood's pride,
Or plighted the fond troth, a blushing bride.

Here at this sacred font how oft have flowed
Baptismal waters; oft has been bestowed
The peace of God in this tribunal blest;
Here at this altar oft when sore oppressed
We've knelt, partaken of the Bread of Life,
And gained new strength for seeming endless strife.

How many a loved one, too, has rested here,
While tapers burned above a mournful bier;
The *Dies Iræ* softly, sadly sung,
Within our hearts these passing years has rung;
But lo! the mournful echoes die away
Whilst we in resignation kneel and pray.

Dear, dear old church! each recollection seems
A golden light that ever brightly gleams

Across thine aisles, upon thy stationed walls,
And, lingering, o'er thy sanctuary falls,
Till thou art flooded with a mystic glow
More like to Heaven than to aught below.

The sanctuary light doth strive to shed
A golden glory round the thorn-crowned head.
The wounded feet, the bleeding side we see,
The hands outstretched to bless in agony.
Portrayed in woe the "Dead Christ" hangs above,
Who on the altar lives a life of love.

Burn, burn, sweet altar light! burn bright and clear
To bless the unseen Presence dwelling here. . . .
We've lingered long and we must haste away,
The gathering shadows tell the close of day.
Oh! is it still a mystery to thee
Why this old church has grown so dear to me?

A BIT OF ADVICE.

Whene'er you find a chance to wed
A noble girl, don't slight it ;
And if you cannot speak your mind,
Why, just sit down and write it.

Nor wealth, nor beauty, wit nor fame
Should in this choice decide you,
Let pure affection, earnest prayer,
And light from heaven guide you.

Remember this : your wedded life
Will be just what you make it ;
Once Heaven has sealed the nuptial vow
No power of earth can break it.

THE OLD CHURCH AND THE NEW.

ST. GREGORY'S AND ST. JAMES', HAVERHILL.

The soil is tilled, the seed is sown, the labor
Seems in the pensive twilight well-nigh done ;
Yet 't is because we stand upon "Mount Tabor" —
The work in very truth is just begun.

Let us descend awhile from this our mountain
And in the lowly valley, tranquil, fair,
Quaff a rich draught from the eternal fountain,
Christ the perennial source, the channel, prayer.

'Mid the soft shadows where yon light is burning
O let us rest till throbbing hearts grow calm ;
Children are we, at close of day returning
Unto a parent Heart how true, how warm !

The night shades fall ; whilst, wrapt in sweet elation,
Souls gaze, 't would seem, thro' mystic telescopes,
Into a brilliant star of consummation
Grows the bright glimmer of our future hopes.

Hail royal mountain, Temple grand and holy !
Where soon the hidden God shall wield love's sway ;
Hail blissful valley, chapel fair and lowly !
Where now He waits our coming night and day.

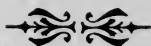
O there are memories holy, bright, and tender
Circling around this chapel quaint and old,
Growing, 'neath heaven's light, in royal splendor
Till our soul-eyes a shining crown behold.

And thro' the coming years this circlet golden
Fair hands shall deck with many a glistening gem :
The priceless setting tender memories olden ;
New joys the jewels of the diadem.

Within our hearts there is no room for sorrow,
One thought with joy doth every soul imbue :

When we shall leave on some appointed morrow,
The dear old church to worship in the new.

St. Gregory, our hearts' fond love possessing,
Shall still be ours — how blessed are the claims !
E'en while with filial love we crave the blessing
Of Charity's Apostle, great St. James.



JESUS AND MARY.

One loved our dear Lord as none other
 Could ever have loved Him on earth :
His tender Immaculate Mother,
 Pure in her conception and birth.

In maidenhood guileless and holy ;
 In Motherhood spotless was she ;
In Apostolate zealous yet lowly ;
 Death came her Assumption to be.

Fair Queen unto heaven and earth given,
 Whose bright reign can never grow dim !
Our Lord hath enthroned her in heaven —
 Behold she reigns nearest to Him !

And He, oh ! how fondly, must love her !
Who kept all His words in her heart ;
Who bore while on earth as none other
In all His great sorrows a part.

With Jesus we always may find her, —
His first tabernacle, was she !
In the light of His Heart He enshrined her
When He chose her His Mother to be.

How ruthless the hand that would sever
These two hearts bound fondly in one !
O we, poor weak mortals, can never
Love Mary as Jesus has done !

In the fair little Chapel enshrine her,
Close by her dear son place her now,
And the sweetest rose-garlands we 'll twine her,
With blossoms encircle her brow.

Our Lord's *Holy Name* morn and even
We 'll breathe bowing low at His feet ;

At the shrine of our Mother in heaven,
"Hail, Mary," we 'll softly repeat.

O how sweet is the hour when we hover
Round these two hearts bound fondly in one !
With the Son venerating the Mother —
With the Mother adoring the Son.

This poem was suggested by reading in the *Catholic Herald*, of May 10th, that an entertainment had been given under the auspices of the *Holy Name Society*, the proceeds to go toward the placing of a shrine dedicated to the Blessed Virgin in the Chapel of the Blessed Sacrament, Holy Cross Cathedral, Boston.



THE THREE KISSES.

I held a little child
 Within mine arms to-night ;
The deep blue eyes unclosed
 'Neath morning's golden light.
I pressed a loving kiss
 Upon the infant brow,
And whispered : " There is born
 To earth a young life now."

I held the little child
 Within mine arms to-night ;
The deep blue eyes unclosed
 Beneath the taper's light.

I pressed a loving kiss
 Upon the moistened brow,
And whispered: "There is born
 An heir to heaven now."

I lay the little child
 Within a casket white ;
The deep blue eyes are closed
 To all save heaven's light.
I press a loving kiss
 Upon the pure, white brow,
And whisper: "There is born
 To God an angel now."



ON A PICTURE OF ST. MARY MAGDALEN.

A youthful face, surpassing pure and sweet,
Tenderly bending o'er two wounded feet ;
Lips pressed in bleeding wounds wide gaping there ;
Red blood-drops gleam, each one a precious gem,
Cased in rare setting — a bright diadem
Of glinting, glistening golden hair.

Portrayed, dear Saint, I see thee when
Thou wast where I would fain have been,
O Magdalen ! sweet Magdalen !

Oh ! to caress with quivering lips of mine
Those blesséd wounds in tortured feet divine !
And oh ! to feel the blood-drops trickling down
From thorn-crowned Head, nail-piercé Hands,
and Heart

Rent by the cruel spear-thrust wide apart !
Ah me ! to wear thy precious, priceless crown !—

Vain wish ! for how or where or when
Can I e'er be where thou wast then,
Sweet Magdalen ! Saint Magdalen !

O soul of mine ! this wish why breathest thou ?
In Love's tribunal humbly contrite bow :
Tell thy transgressions, many tho' they be ;
And the red drops again will trickle down,
'Til Mary Magdalen's rare jewelled crown
Of precious Lifeblood gently circles thee.

Ah ! thou canst softly whisper then :
" Behold am I where thou hast been,
Sweet Magdalen ! Saint Magdalen ! "

O lips of mine ! the holiest caress
On feet divine, nail-wounded, ye may press
Whene'er a pure white Host to me doth come :
For He who bled and died on Calvary's Tree
Still bleeds and *lives* !— O tender mystery
Of life divine in Love's Ciborium !

O joy transcending earth's joy, when
I kneel entranced where thou hast been,
Sweet Magdalen ! Saint Magdalen !

THE BURDEN OF THE DAY.

O when we face some trying hour before us,
And feel the press of care on every side ;
Behold the sky of life storm-clouded o'er us,
And hear the rolling, rumbling, ebbless tide

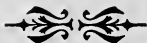
Of wearing daily toil that never ceases,
Dulling the soul with its monotony ;
When hope dies out and gloom of heart increases,
Ah, then, dear Lord, if we would cry to thee,

And, toiling still at some appointed labor,
In spirit rest upon thy Sacred Heart,
Lo ! Calvary Thou would'st change for us to
Tabor,

And of our burdens bear the heavy part.

But no! in every hour of petty tribulation
Unceasingly the soul complains and frets :
In peace learns how to wrestle with temptation,
But when it comes the lesson learn'd forgets.

Why this lament : " We 've no time for devotion " ?
With pure intention work becomes a prayer ;
Each trying thought worth more than sweet
emotion ;
Each weary step a shining heavenward stair.



THE HAVEN OF THE SACRED HEART.

Spake one morn our dear Redeemer,
Eighteen happy years ago,
Child, give Me thy heart, — Mine ever, —
Sweet His voice and soft and low.

The young novice near the altar,
Coifed and veiled, the whisper heard,
And her soul in rapture thrilling,
(Timid, happy, startled bird !)

Breaking free from worldly fetters,
Nestled in the Sacred Heart —
There to dwell for years, — forever !
Hers indeed the “better part.”

What tho' fiercely rage life's tempest,
Bitter round her beat the storm?
Naught hath she to fear of danger
In that haven safe and warm!

Why do we to-day, dear Mother,
Gather round thee one and all?
Why this youthful, white-veiled novice
Do we lovingly recall?

Ah! 't was thou, dear Reverend Mother,
On that morn so long ago,
Didst hear in Mount St. Mary's Chapel
That sweet whisper soft and low.

What tho' eighteen years have vanished
Since with holiest delight
On the morn of thy profession
Thou didst wing a hallowed flight?

Thou hast only penetrated
Deeper in the sweet recess

Of the Heart divine that loves thee
With surpassing tenderness.

Ah, dear Mother ! we thy children
This glad anniversary
Thro' the gentle Queen of heaven
Crave the choicest gifts for thee.

At the shrine of thy dear patron,
E'er we chime our festive lay,
Plead we softly : " Saint Teresa,
Bless our Mother dear to-day."

Breathe we then unto another
Faithful handmaid of the Lord :
" From thy happy home in heaven
Bless thy child, dear Mother Warde ! "

Long, long years, we pray, dear Mother,
God to spare thee unto us,
For thou art a tender parent,
Gentle, firm, solicitous.

Fear we not for thee life's dangers ?
Nay: thy sweet profession vows
Anchor thee safe in the haven
Of the Heart of Christ thy Spouse.



HIDDEN LIVES.

Methinks there are no sweeter flowers
Than humble violets chaste and fair, /
Deep hidden in the waving grass,
We scarce would know them blooming there,
Save by the perfume pure and sweet
We cannot crush beneath our feet.

'T is thus the purest souls on earth ~
Are hidden 'neath an humble guise ;
Their heaven-born innocence would shrink
Beneath the gaze of worldly eyes.
And yet the virtue-laden air
Reveals them hidden everywhere.

And we so seldom strive to find
These purest souls amid the rest ;
But One there is who knows them all
And loves the deepest hidden best.
We pass them by and seek them not, —
Pure souls by all save God forgot !

Yet 't is 'mid these that all would seek
For truest friends, did they but know,
The value of an humble soul,
More rare the more 't is hid below.
Like violets 'mid the grasses twined, —
'T is only they who seek that find.

THE "AVE MARIA."

There 's a little blue-robed messenger
We greet with glad delight :
It comes to us from Notre Dame
Upon our Lady's Night.

Coming always how silently !
Exhaling everywhere
The perfume of celestial flowers
Of peace and love and prayer.

It bears the news of every land,
And cheers us many a day
With pure sweet song and stories quaint,
Told in a charming way ;

Our Virgin Mother's praise repeats,
And oft, with holy art,
Portrays the wondrous power and love
Of Jesus' Sacred Heart.

And oh ! this little messenger
That Mary's color wears,
From Pontiff hands to Christian hearts
A special blessing bears.

And day by day at Notre Dame,
(O boon we dearly prize !)
The Spotless Victim is upraised
In the Holy Sacrifice,

For every heart the wide world o'er
That greets with glad delight
The little blue-robed messenger
Coming on Lady-Night.

GATHERED LEAVES.

They are rustling 'mongst the branches,
They are gently falling round ;
In their rich autumnal beauty,
They are resting on the ground ;
Let us gather and preserve them,
In the future years we 'll know
How to cherish each remembrance
Of the happy " Long Ago."

They are falling down from ages,
Slumbering 'neath the wing of time,
Leaves that glow with deepest beauty,
Holy lives and deeds sublime ;

If we gather and preserve them,
Trace our leaves of life the same,
They will wear a lasting beauty,
Though they never glow in fame.

They are falling down from Calvary,
Falling ever night and day ;
Scattering their rich profusion
All along our earthly way.
Blood-stained leaves ! for life is given them
From a bleeding Heart of love :
Leaves of Grace are ever falling
From the tree of Life above.

Soon will beauteous leaves of autumn
Lie beneath their snowy pall ;
And ere long Death's shrouding mantle
Will like snows of winter fall ;
Then we cannot grasp the treasures
God has showered on us to-day ;
Let us gather and preserve them —
Heaven's blessings — while we may.

When the sleep of Death is broken,
And we wake in Paradise,
All the leaves of grace we 've gathered
We shall learn to dearly prize ;
When the soul her heavenly garland
From the hand of God receives,
And beholds in lasting beauty
There entwined her "Gathered Leaves."



IN HEAVEN.

Silently, sweetly, the angel of death
Hovering over us, with his soft breath
Soothed unto slumber a suffering child,
Sleeping she dreamed and dreaming she smiled :
Angel hands bore her in slumber away,
Leaving fond hearts in deep sorrow to-day.

Waken ! sad hearts from deep sorrow awaken !
Never in wrath little children are taken.
They are not dead nor so long are they sleeping,
They are rejoicing in Jesus' fond keeping.
Sheltered forever from sorrow and strife,
Angels of death have a mission of life.

A NAME.

TO FATHER EDMUND, OF THE HEART OF MARY.

A name they gave thee that is grand and sweet :
The *Heart of Mary* our bright Virgin Queen.
No human name more pure can lips repeat —
Save Jesus' own none holier e'er hath been.
Her love shall be a guiding star serene
Till the dread voyage of the soul is o'er ;
Her name a passport unto heaven, I ween,
When thou art anchored on the golden shore,
Her Heart a haven of sweet rest forever more.

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

BORN FEB. 27, 1807, DIED MARCH 24, 1882.

Seasons come and seasons vanish, swiftly bearing years
away,
'Til again a pure life's closing we commemorate to-
day.

Let the great, good man be honored, let his name
remembered be.
With a fair and fragrant garland let us crown his
memory.

Cull the flowers of pure affection blooming in fond
memory's dell,

Weave them into tender stanzas of sweet song he loved
so well.

Ne'er hast thou had truer lover, Forest City by the
sea !

Never yet hath sweeter singer sung thy praises than
was he.

O he won for thee proud laurels, laurels of a lasting
fame ;

And he set in priceless setting the bright jewel of thy
name ;

Sweetly sung of thy warm sunshine, of thy forests cool
and dim ; —

How hast thou, fair Forest City, how hast thou rewarded
him ?

What shall tell thro' coming ages to the lovers of his
song,

That upon thy cool sea breezes, Nature bore his youth
along ?

Forest City, Forest City, nations stand with eyes on
thee !

Take earth's rare and virgin metal, mould a statue fair
to see.

Trust not unto any morrow, time is flying, wings out-
spread ;

"Act, act in the living present, heart within and God
o'er-head."

And a cenotaph of glory in his boyhood's home will
rise,

It will tell the grand old story, that a poet never dies !

PORTLAND, MAINE, March 24, 1885.

AN EVENING VISIT TO THE BLESSED
SACRAMENT.

From golden threads of sunset, night is weaving
A starry mantle for the land and sea ;
Unto the soul a spirit voice is breathing
In whisper low and sweet, "Come unto Me."

O let us follow in the hush of even :
'T will lead us to a chapel quaint and fair,
Where we may breathe awhile the breath of heaven,
For Jesus, in the Eucharist, is there.

'T is sweet, the love of our dear Lord possessing,
Our tales of joy and sorrow to repeat ;
But sweeter far to crave His tender blessing
And, self forgotten, rest at His dear feet.

Why seek for words in moments of devotion,
When holy silence in itself is prayer ?
Why strive to stay the tide of sweet emotion ?
'T will bear us nearer Jesus hidden there.

See yonder cross ! It marks His earthly dwelling ;
We 've gained the portal — yet a moment stay ! —
O that our hearts all worldliness expelling,
Worthy might be, to love, and thank, and pray !

Nature upon her sable couch reclining,
Wrapped in her starry mantle, calmly sleeps ;
Yet in our midst the light of love is shining, —
Jesus, our Lord, His loving vigil keeps !

See ! in the gloom one little lamp is burning ;
Its trembling beams speak to our hearts of Him !
Come, let us enter, filled with tender yearning ;
Adoring with the unseen seraphim.

Sweet Heart of Jesus ! Art Thou sad and lonely
Within Thine humble altar home to-night ?

O that our hearts might burn for Thee, Thee only,
As burns the faithful Sanctuary light !

O that our souls all earthly things forsaking
Might enter through yon tabernacle door,
And rest in Thee, dear Sacred Heart ! partaking
Of Eucharistic love forevermore !





THE FACT DIVINE.

AN HISTORICAL STUDY OF THE
CHRISTIAN REVELATION AND OF
THE CATHOLIC CHURCH.

By Joseph Broeckerkaert, S. J.

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McGOWAN & YOUNG,

PORTLAND, ME.

[For opinions of the Press see following pages.]

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

It is one of those works that are of special value in these days of rampant unbelief and infidelity. It is clear and concise, and well suited for young students.—Brooklyn Examiner.

The latest objections against the Christian Faith are answered conclusively. *The careful reading of "The Fact Divine" will fortify the Catholic against the errors of the day, and enable him to give solid reasons for the faith that is in him.—Catholic Universe.*

The work is designed for the use of the higher classes in colleges, the author being devoted to education for the greater part of his life, but it will be found not only useful but, we earnestly hope, acceptable to the general public, and particularly to the Catholic public. There is no lack of works of the highest and best on such matters as are treated of in this book, but "THE FACT DIVINE" WILL BE FOUND TO STAND AT THE HEAD OF ALL. It is divided into two parts: *The Christian Revelation* and *The Catholic Church*. The author starts out with a definition of Revelation, which forms the foundation of the grand superstructure which he continues to build on that foundation. Step by step he combats the false philosophies of the world, and *with trenchant blows demolishes the theories and speculations of the sophists of the liberal modern school*. The work of translation is well and faithfully performed, so well indeed that it reads as smoothly as if originally written in the English language. The publishers have done their part well in bringing out the book in a neat and substantial form.—*Catholic Herald*.

What is this "Fact Divine" but the Divinity of Religion, of Christian Revelation, of the authority of the Catholic Church, through the Divinity of its Founder Jesus Christ. This book before us, bearing the above title, is a brief but convincing explanation of Revelation, which, without assuming a controversial form, conclusively answers all, even the newest objections against the Christian Faith. Mr. Young's translation of "The Fact Divine" is exceedingly well done. We are confident that great spiritual good will follow on its dissemination.—*Boston Pilot*.

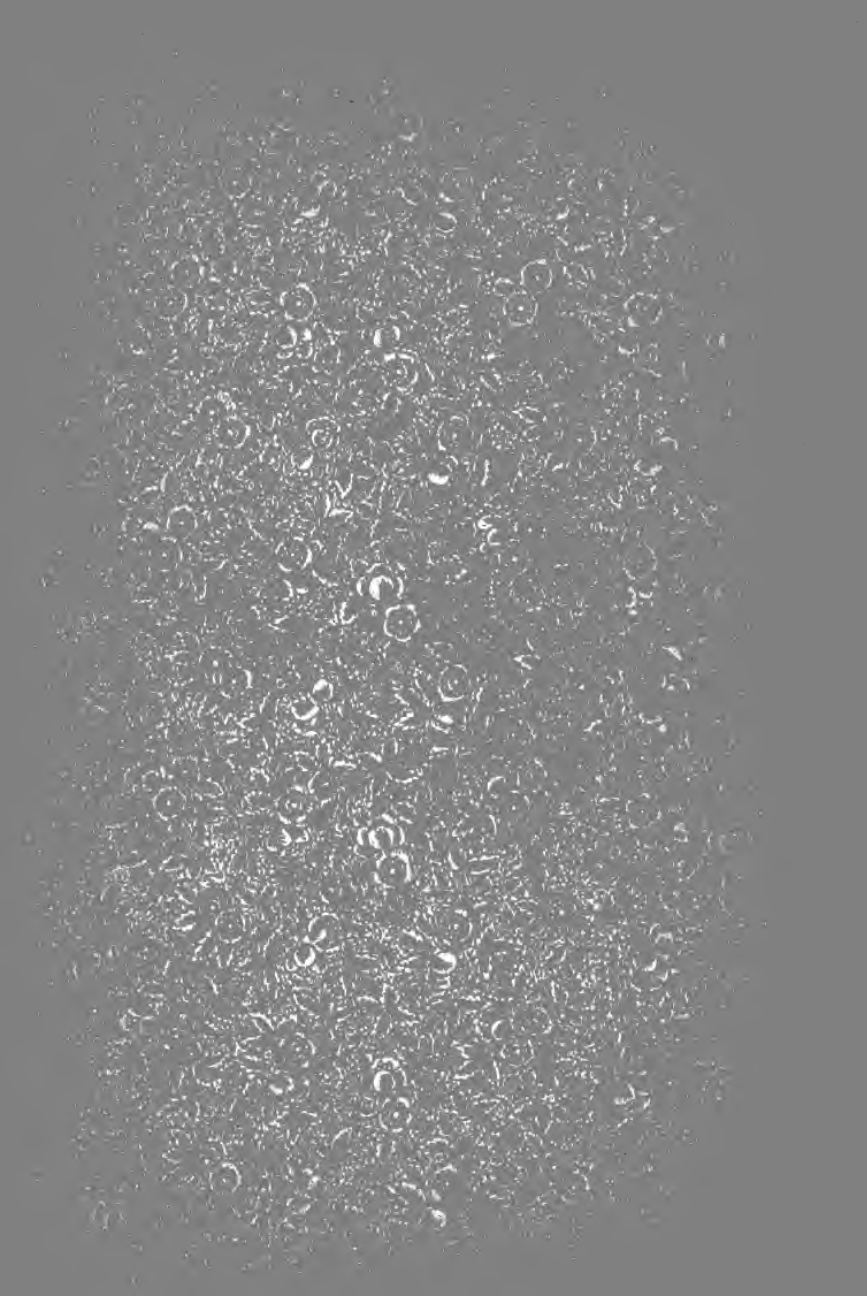
So with the work before us. The fact it speaks of is as old as Christianity, nay, in one sense as old as Adam and the Fall; the proofs it alleges are to be found in most treatises of apologetic theology; and yet there is throughout *The Fact Divine* a unity of purpose, and a freshness and vigour of treatment that make these old things look what they really are, forever new. While never at a loss for an answer to the sophistry of infidels, Father Broeckaert is continually insisting on the stubbornness of facts. . . . In historical perspective the author is a master. He holds the sure thread through the labyrinth of ancient and modern history, and more fortunate than the hero in the fable, he is not groping in the dark, nor trembling for the snapping of the clue. In his hands the thread is as strong as steel, and luminous with Divine light. The reading of his chapters on the figures and prophecies of the Old Testament opens out a far truer and deeper knowledge of those sacred books than can be gleaned from the voluminous commentaries of writers of the rationalistic school. They have fragmentary, tentative views; he has the pregnant brevity of truth.—*The Month*. London.

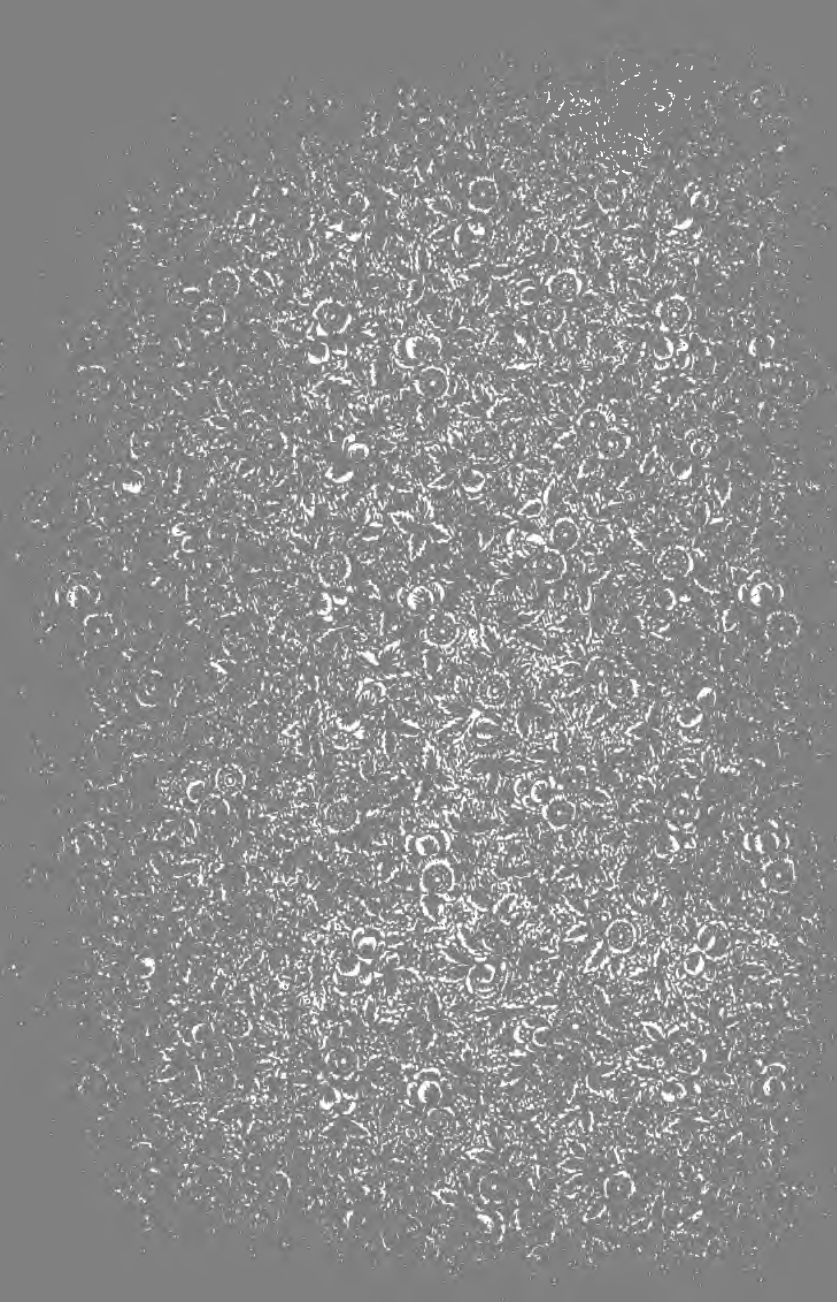
The Fact Divine is an admirably concise and clear statement of the evidences of Revelation. As its name implies, it deals chiefly with the events which put beyond all question the heavenly origin of our religion. Into these it inquires, and establishes by plain, yet telling arguments, their authenticity. In a short notice like the present it is impossible to say all that we would wish about the book. Written in French by Father Broeckaert, a Belgian Jesuit, the translation before us is the work of a distinguished American, who has well executed his task.—*Irish Ecclesiastical Record*.

It is a work which will interest Protestants as well as Catholics; the first part is the common ground of all Christians. The Rt. Rev. Bp. Healy commends the translation, and indeed it commends itself, being everywhere clear, perspicuous, and obviously intelligent and faithful.—*Portland Advertiser*.









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